JENNY LIND'S SWEDISH MELODIES.

No 1 — I'VE LEFT MY SNOW CLAD HILLS.

No 2 — SEA KINGS BRIDE.

No 3 — THE STARS OF HEAVEN ARE GLEAMING.

BOSTON

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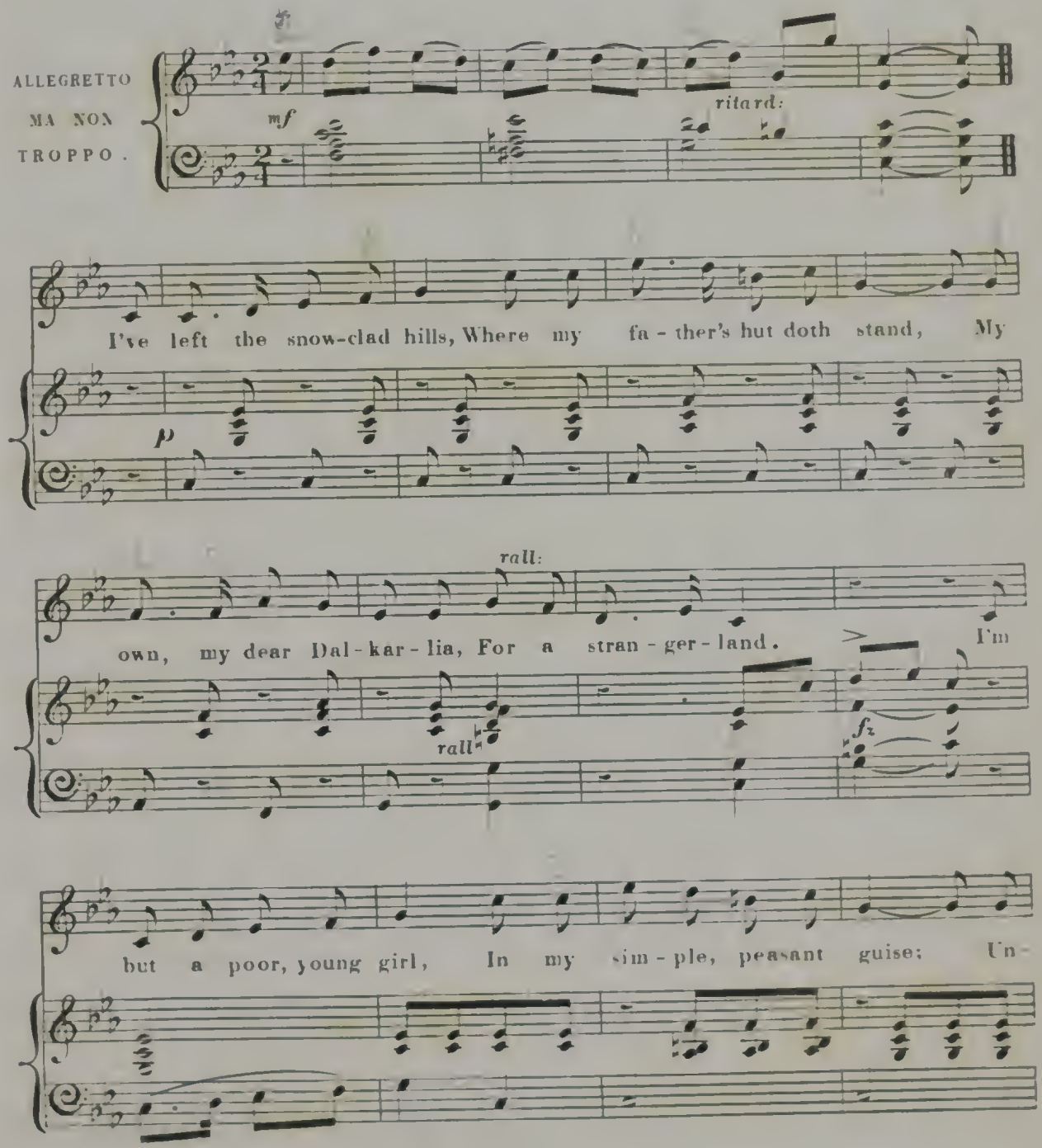
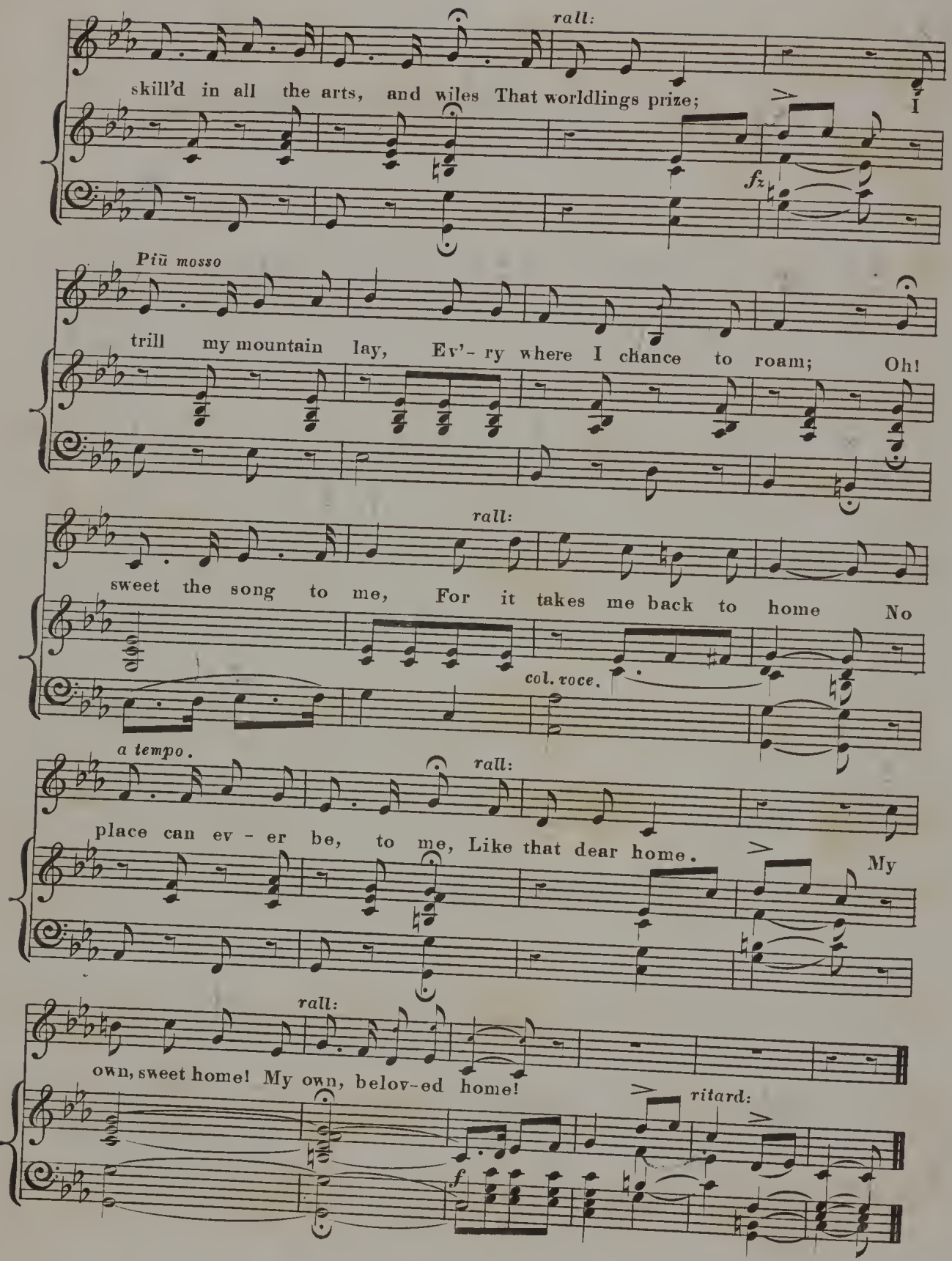
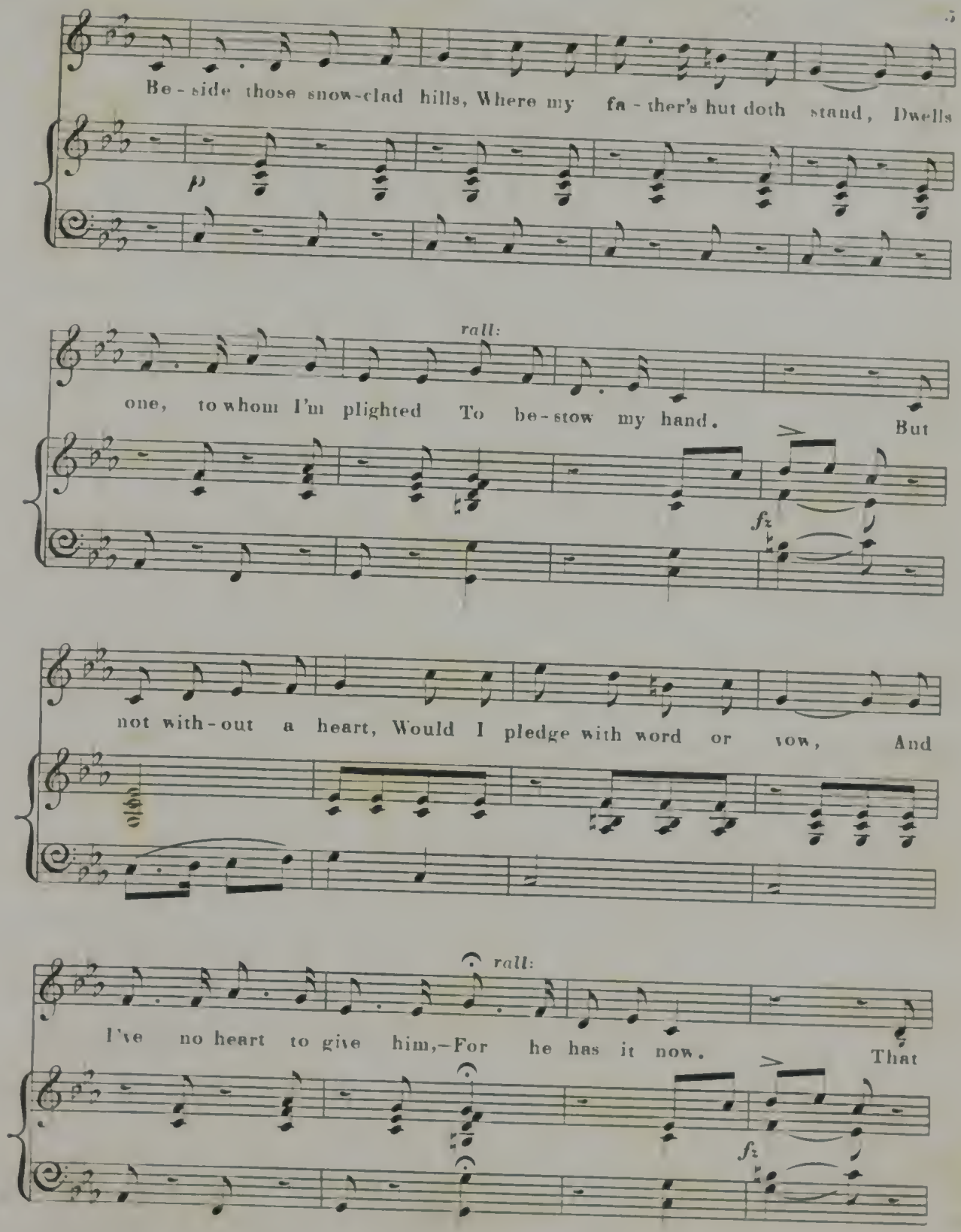
Buffords 1th

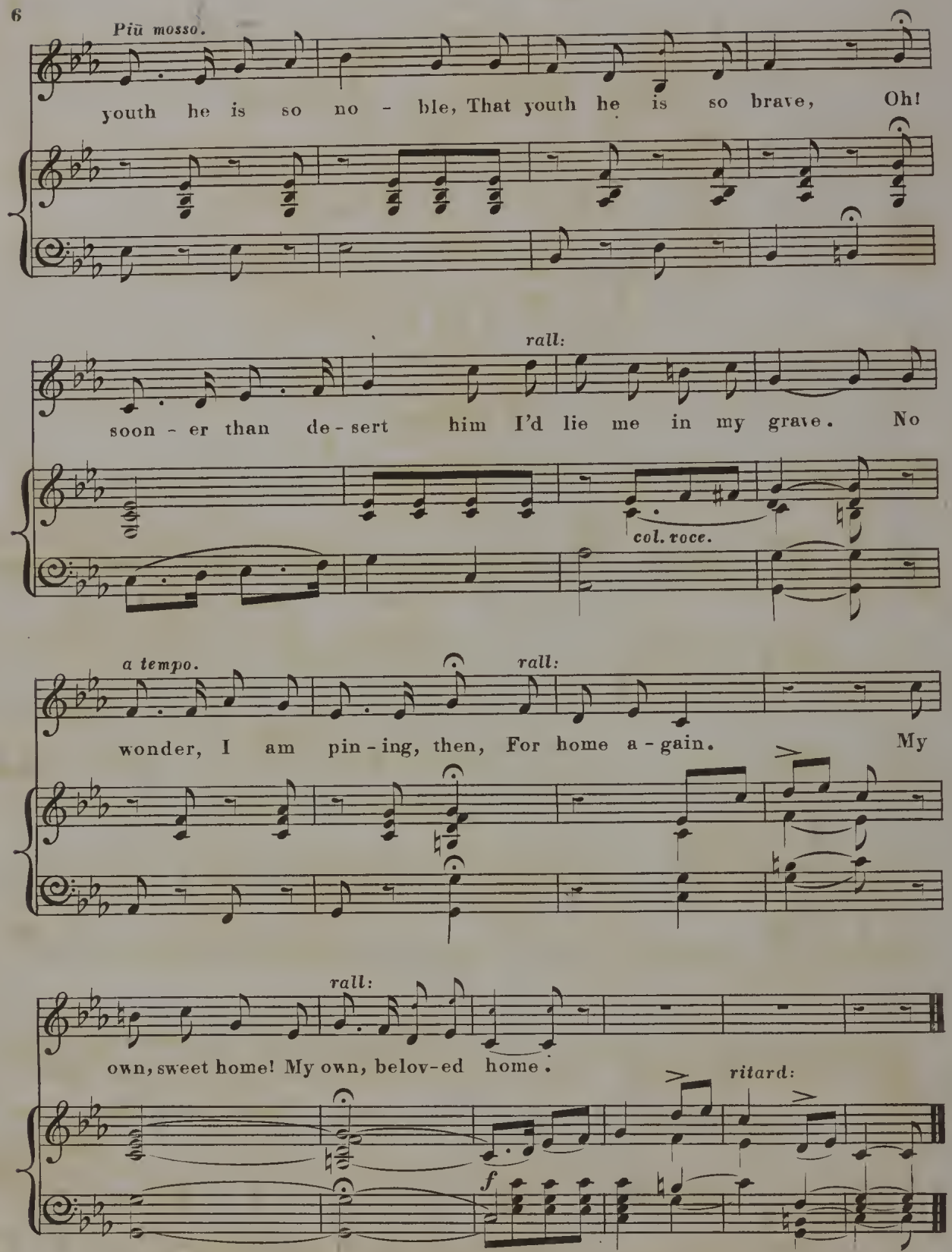
I'VE LEFT THE SNOW-CLAD HILLS,

G. LINLEY.


ALLEGRETTO
MA NON
TROPPO.
mf
ritard:
I've left the snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, My
p
rall:
own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stran - ger - land.
I'm
rall
fz
but a poor, young girl, In my sim - ple, peasant guise; Un -


rall:
skill'd in all the arts, and wiles That worldlings prize; I
fz
Più mosso
trill my mountain lay, Ev'- ry where I chance to roam; Oh!
rall:
sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home No
col. voce.
a tempo.
rall:
place can ev - er be, to me, Like that dear home.
My
rall:
own, sweet home! My own, belov-ed home!
ritard:
f


Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, Dwells
p
rall:
one, to whom I'm plighted To be - stow my hand. But
fz
not with - out a heart, Would I pledge with word or vow, And
rall:
I've no heart to give him,—For he has it now. That
fz


Più mosso.
youth he is so no - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!
rall:
soon - er than de - sert him I'd lie me in my grave. No
col. voce.
a tempo.
rall:
wonder, I am pin - ing, then, For home a - gain. My
rall:
own, sweet home! My own, belov-ed home.
ritard:
f